SIRIUS

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TERI SUE

Wandering Star

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Ah me, here I sit in the quiet of the afternoon. The last page of book twelve is behind me, and the only thing left for me to do is this wee little editorial. Tru, my art assistant, mail picker-upper, and doer of various other stuff, has temporarily escaped, and has gone off in search of fast food and sodas, so it's just me, all alone, in the house.
Wee! Let's have a party!

Heh heh heh. Don't ask me where that came from. I haven't the foggiest. I fear that I'm in a bit of a weird mood today. Probably the lack of caffeine in my diet. Me and coffee haven't gotten on well lately, ya see. Of course, ask any of my friends and they'll be happy to tell you that I've always been weird, but, ah, well. I'd rather be weird than boring any day.

Let's see. I'm now officially at SIRIUS Entertainment and I have my official SIRIUS T-shirt and my official SIRIUS baseball cap. I even have my SIRIUS baseball cap right on top of my little head as I write this. Which is kinda ironic for me, after going on and on to my friends in the comic field about what I like to call the infamous "Image Comics Baseball Cap Conspiracy." Uh huh. You heard that right, and it goes like this...

The Image creators (as far as I've been able to tell) all wear baseball caps. In fact, people who never previously (again, as far as I've been able to tell) wore baseball caps, suddenly begin sporting the things soon after moving to Image. Example: Jeff Smith. Did you ever see Jeff wearing a cap on his head before he moved to Image? Huh? Huh? But Blammo! There is was, smack dab on the top of his head at the 1995 San Diego Comic Con. Yep, I saw it with me own eyes.

But wait, it gets spookier... Terry-STRANGERS IN PARADISE-Moore had a baseball cap on his head at the San Diego con, too! And I've known Terry for almost THREE YEARS and I've never, EVER, seen him wear a baseball cap before. But there it was, clear as day. And then I find out that Terry had just done some trading card artwork for a certain company whose name begins with a small "i"... Um hum.

Oooo, scary, huh? So anyway, I began to form this theory that if a comic creator was sporting a baseball cap, Image was somehow responsible. It was, perhaps, some dark, twisted plot toward world-wide domination. Some kinda big-brother, brain-washing, religous school uniform kinda thing.

Of course, now I'm wearing a baseball cap, so I guess I was wrong. At least, I hope so.

Hey, I gots a question for yaz. And, believe it or not, it's a slightly sane one, too! Ready? Here goes: "Do you like where you live?"

I'm wondering, because I've got travelling feets, and I'm thinking very seriously about making another move sometime in 1997. Anyway, if I could have anything I wanted to have in a new home, I'd like it to be in the mountains, with snow in the winter, and lotza trees. I'd also like to have a cool coffee shop, a decent print shop, a Taco Bell, a Carl's Jr., a UPS office, and a convenient store with $.69 soda refills close by. I'd also like it to be within a half-hour drive of the ocean and/or a decent-sized city, and maybe in a state with no sales tax or no income tax. Anyway, that's my plan. So if you have that, or something close, drop me a note in the mail, and, hey, maybe I'll move in next door ta yaz! Thanks!

Sigh. Well, I'd better get going. Gotta get hopping on the next issue, ya know. See yaz next month!

Teri Sue Wood

WANDERING STAR Vol. 1 #12. FIRST PRINTING. Published by SIRIUS Entertainment, Inc. Lawrence Salamone, President. Robb Horan, Publisher. Joseph Linsner, Art Director. Correspondence: P.O. Box 128, Stanhope NJ 07874. WANDERING STAR © 1996 Teri Sue Wood. Ya'll play nice now. SIRIUS & the DogStar logo are trademark and copyright SIRIUS Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved. Any similarity to persons alive or dead is purely coincidental.

Ghosts
in the
Attic

SO, WE ESCAPED.
YOU KNOW?
I'M STARTING TO REMEMBER WHY I NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THIS STUFF
IT SURE IS A LOT EASIER TO CONVINCE YOURSELF THAT YOUR PAST IS OVER WHEN IT'S NEATLY WRAPPED UP IN A CLOSED BOX IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF HOW MADDENING IT IS TO DISCOVER THAT SOMETHING THAT NO LONGER EXISTS CAN STILL HAVE THE POWER TO TOUCH YOU IN THE PRESENT.
Sigh.
YOU KNOW, IT'S SO STRANGE,
THESE MOVIES THEY'VE MADE ABOUT THE WAR. THE STORIES ARE SO THRILLING: THE CHARACTERS SO COURAGEOUS,
MAKES YOU JUST WANT TO RUN OUT AND FIND A WAR.

WHERE DO THEY FIND THESE STORIES?
LORD?
WELL, BACK TO MY STORY.
AS SOON AS WE KNEW THAT WE WERE FREE OF THE BONO KIRO, WE DISPOSED OF THE BODIES.
THAT WAS FUN.
LOADS OF LAUGHS.
THERE'S A PART OF ME THAT'D LOVE TO GIVE YOU DETAILS..
...BUT YOU REALLY DON'T NEED TO KNOW.
GOD, AMNESIA MUST BE A WONDERFUL THING.
ANYWAY,
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT WE ALL HAD A FEW GHOSTS IN THE ATTIC TO DEAL WITH ON THE WAY HOME.
3

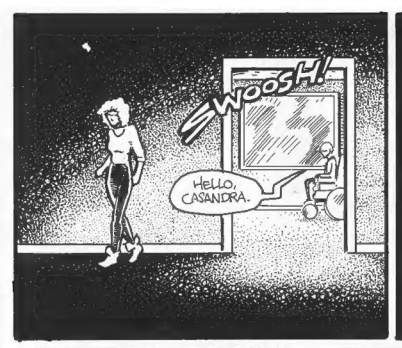
DAVID!

....HAD YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SURRENDERED...
...YOU ALL WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFELY BROUGHT BACK HERE TO EARTH.

No. Don't think about it.
No! No! No!
How long...
...Were we supposed to be content with the few crumbs they gave us?
How long were we supposed to 'play' their little games?
We were dying— as a planet...
...as a race...
...as a culture.
No!
I'm not going to do this to myself!
Grai...?
No.
...No...please...
David!
Casandra... you cannot avoid destruction.
Destruction
...Is the way of the universe.
Shut up!

CASANDRA?
ARE YOU OKAY?
I'M FINE, ELLI.
IT'S JUST THAT STAR OUT THERE AT BLACK SKY AND STARS...
...NOTHING BUT BLACK SKY AND STARS...
...KINDA GETS ON MY NERVES.
WELL, I'M NOT SURPRIZED.
Huh?
Well, REALLY, CASANDRA YOU'RE NOT AN ENERGY CREATURE. YOU'RE FLESH AND BLOOD. FLESH AND BLOOD CREATURES NEED THEIR REST.
...UM...
AND YOU HAVE BEEN WORKING FOR EIGHTEEN HOURS AND TWELVE MINUTES.
YES, ELLI.
SO YOU ADMIT, THEN, THAT AS A FLESH AND BLOOD CREATURE YOU DO INDEED NEED PERIODIC PERIODS OF REST?
YES, ELLI
VERY GOOD, THEN.
I'LL CALL IN MEKON TO RELIEVE YOU.
ELLI!
MM... MEKON SHOULD BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES. I'M SURE THE BRIDGE WILL BE FINE UNTIL THEN.
...BUT...
I'LL SEE YOU IN A ABOUT... SAY, TEN HOURS, CASANDRA.
...
GOODNIGHT.

BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE SLEEPING, ELLI.
A FEW MORE HOURS ARE NO PROBLEM, ELLI.
DING!
WOOSH!
I'M GOING TO SAY THAT NEXT TIME.
REALLY.
SIGH.
I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP YET.
MADISON....
I HOPE HE'S OKAY.
HE'S BEEN SO QUIET SINCE THE...
...INCIDENT.
I WONDER IF I SHOULD...
NO.
I'M SURE HE'S PROBABLY SLEEPING.


WOOSH!
HELLO, CASANDRA.

MADISON...?
SO...
...ELLI FINALLY SENT YOU OFF TO BED, DID SHE?

WELL,
SORT OF.
WHY AREN'T YOU ASLEEP?
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE WIPED OUT AFTER HELPING US... FEEL OUR WAY THROUGH THE GALAXY.
MM.
I'M JUST HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE SLEEPING.

I FALL ASLEEP OKAY.
I JUST CAN'T STAY ASLEEP.

SO, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.

I SIT AND THINK.
THINKING HELPS ME SORT THINGS OUT.

WELL I WISH I COULD STOP THINKING.
THINKING IS MY PROBLEM.

WHEN I THINK...

...I THINK ABOUT HOW DARK THE UNIVERSE SEEMS NOW.

I THINK ABOUT ALL THIS DEATH.

ALL THIS DESTRUCTION.

I'VE...

...ALWAYS BELIEVED IN GOD. BUT NOW...

...sigh...

NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE IN.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD, MADISON?

OR... GODS OR SOMETHING? WHAT DO YOU FOBIENS BELIEVE IN?

WELL, THAT DEPENDS ON WHOM YOU ASK.

WE'RE A LOT LIKE EARTH. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF BELIEF SYSTEMS FLOATING AROUND.

YES, BUT...

...WHAT DO YOU BELEIVE IN?

I...

...BELIEVE IN SOMETHING.

SOMETHING THAT BREATHES LIFE INTO ALL THINGS

THAT INSPIRES US TO REACH FOR OUR BEST SELVES.

SOMETHING THAT UNITES EVERYTHING.

SOMETHING THAT MAKES THIS POSSIBLE.

THE BONO KIRO BELIEVE THAT THE UNIVERSE IS BASED ON DESTRUCTION.
THAT..
..LIFE CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT IT
FOR ONE TO THRIVE, THEY SAY, ANOTHER MUST FALL.
I SUPPOSE THAT'S ONE WAY TO LOOK AT IT.
BUT I THINK... I HOPE THAT DESTRUCTION IS ONLY A PART OF THE UNIVERSE.
what?
WELL...
...YOU NEED DESTRUCTION.
IT CLEARS OUT WHAT'S NOT NEEDED AND LAYS THE GROUNDWORK FOR NEW LIFE.
LIKE
..LIKE SOIL!
WHAT PLANT COULD GROW WITHOUT SOIL? AND SOIL WOULD NOT EXIST IF PLANTS DID NOT DIE. ALL SOIL IS, IS DEAD, DECAYED PLANTS.
Sigh.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE THIS.
HAVE YOU..
.. HAVE YOU EVER HAD YOUR LIFE DESTROYED IN SOME WAY, WHERE SOMETHING CAME TO AN END... AND YOU WERE LOST WITHOUT IT?
uh Huh.
WITH THE EXCEPTION...
..OF RIGHT NOW CASANDRA.
NO
I DIDN'T THINK SO.
Well..
..I HAVE.

I WAS DISOWNED BY MY FAMILY BECAUSE OF MY ABILITIES.

I'LL ADMIT THAT THEY DID TRY TO DEAL WITH ALL OF THIS, BUT UNFORTUNATELY,

...THIS DID NOT FIT WELL...

...INTO THEIR BELIEF SYSTEM.

BUT, THEY DID TRY.

AT LEAST UNTIL I DISCOVERED, BY ACCIDENT, AS YOU'VE SEEN...

...THAT THIS COULD DESTROY...

...AS WELL AS HEAL.

THAT WAS NOT SOMETHING THEY COULD HANDLE.

WAIT A MINUTE...

... DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY FAMILY BACK ON FOBE.

WELL...

...TECHNICALLY I DID HAVE A FAMILY.

BUT AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T WANT TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS...

...SO, I LIED.

ANYWAY...

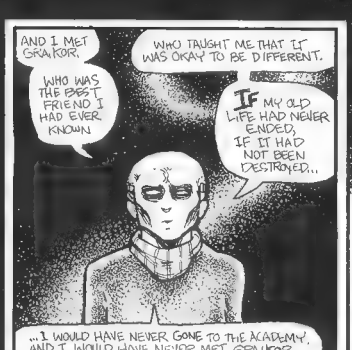
...THAT ENDED THE WORLD AS I KNEW IT.

I WAS PRETTY LOST WHEN THE ACADEMY INVITED ME TO STAY AT THEIR RESEARCH LABS.
THE THOUGHT OF DOING TRICKS FOR A BUNCH OF SCIENTISTS WASN'T VERY APPEALING.
BUT I NO LONGER HAD A HOME ON FOBE, SO, I FIGURED...

...WHAT DID I HAVE TO LOSE?

NOTHING.

SO, I WENT, AND BY GOING, I LEARNED MORE ABOUT MYSELF AND MY POWERS THAN I COULD HAVE EVER LEARNED ON FOBE.

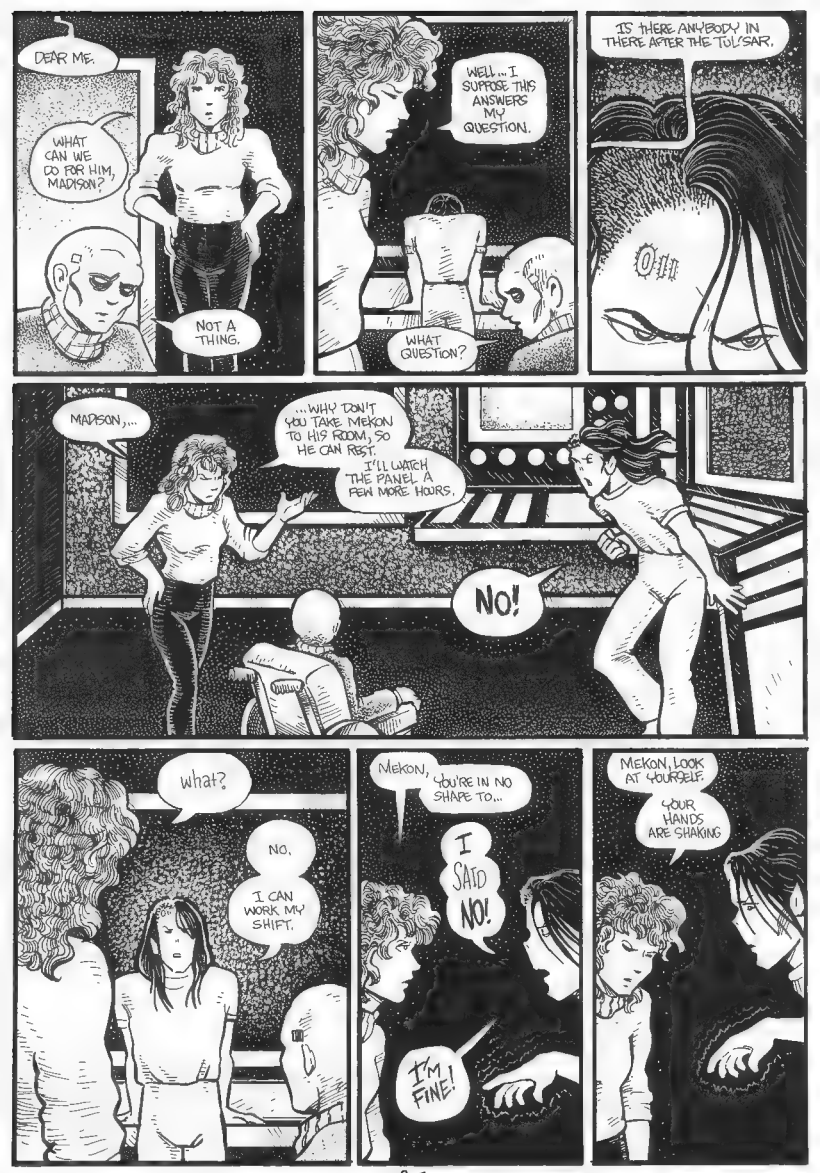

AND I MET GRAIKOR.
WHO WAS THE BEST FRIEND I HAD EVER KNOWN
WHO TAUGHT ME THAT IT WAS OKAY TO BE DIFFERENT.
IF MY OLD LIFE HAD NEVER ENDED, IF IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...
...I WOULD HAVE NEVER GONE TO THE ACADEMY, AND I WOULD HAVE NEVER MET GRAIKOR.

YES.
BUT NOW GRAIKOR'S DEAD.

IM...
...I'M SORRY, MADISON.
I KNOW.
BEEP!
BEEP!
COMPUTER! PICK UP.
ELLI?
MADISON!!
IS CASANDRA WITH YOU? I NEED YOU BOTH ON THE BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY!
YES SHE IS.
...BUT ELLI, IS IT THE BONO KIRO?
I DIDN'T SENSE ANY ACTIVITY IN THIS AREA.
NO.
NO BONO KIRO.
...UM...
IT'S MEKON.

WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE!
No
NO
NO
NO
NO
NO
No
No
No
No
THIS IS NOT GOOD.
MADISON! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
No
No
No
No
GODS!
HE'S FEELING!
what?
IT'S THE TUL'SAR!
IT'S NOT WORKING!
I THINK THAT'S KINDA OBVIOUS, MADISON.
ELG!

HE'S OVERLOADING EMOTIONLY.
NOW THAT THE TUL'SAR IS OFF...
...EVERYTHING HE'S SEEN...
...EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM SINCE THE ATTACK ON THE ACADEMY...
...HE'S DEALING WITH, RIGHT NOW.
NO TIME TO WORK UP TO IT.
NO TIME TO PREPARE...
JUST BAM!
No!
STOP IT!
JUST... LEAVE ME ALONE.
I'M FINE
YOU'RE FAR FROM FINE.


DEAR ME.
WHAT CAN WE DO FOR HIM, MADISON?
NOT A THING.
WELL... I SUPPOSE THIS ANSWERS MY QUESTION.
WHAT QUESTION?
IS THERE ANYBODY IN THERE AFTER THE TOLSAR.
MADISON,...
...WHY DON'T YOU TAKE MEKON TO HIS ROOM, SO HE CAN REST.
I'LL WATCH THE PANEL A FEW MORE HOURS.
NO!
What?
NO.
I CAN WORK MY SHIFT.
MEKON, YOU'RE IN NO SHAPE TO...
I SAID NO!
I'M FINE!
MEKON, LOOK AT YOURSELF.
YOUR HANDS ARE SHAKING

I'M FINE.

YOU KNOW?
I USED TO THINK THAT I KNEW WHAT THAT WORD MEANT,
...BUT I GUESS I WAS WRONG.
WHAT WORD?

"FINE".
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT WHAT IT REALLY MEANS IS I'M A WRECK.
BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO ADMIT IT TO MYSELF...
...OR ANYONE ELSE.

I CAN WORK MY SHIFT.
I'LL DO FINE.

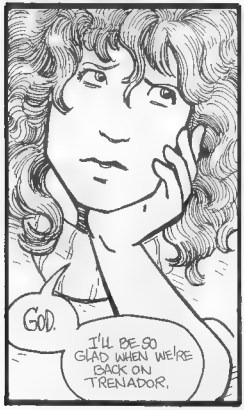
YES, YOU WILL.
IN ABOUT FOUR HOURS.
NOW, GO REST.

YOU'RE A FOX MY MAST...
I KNOW.
I NEVER WAS.
AND ALL OF THAT IS NOW OVER.

MEKON, PLEASE!
I LET YOU TAKE THE PANEL RIGHT NOW,...
... AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO REST.
AND THEN I'LL BE IN WORSE SHAPE THAN YOU WHEN I COME IN TO RELIEVE YOU.
SO, DO IT FOR ME, OKAY?
FOUR HOURS.
PLEASE?
ALRIGHT.
THANK YOU, MEKON.
SEE YOU IN FOUR.
SIGH.

YOU KNOW...
... WHEN ELLI WANTED ME TO GO TO BED EARLIER, I WASN'T SLEEPY AT ALL.
BUT NOW THAT I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP
I WANT TO

SIGH.

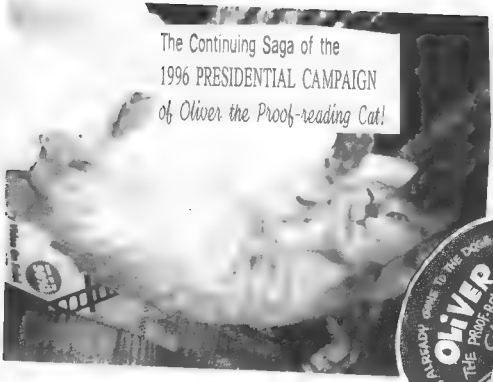

GOD.
I'LL BE SO GLAD WHEN WE'RE BACK ON TRENADOR.

SIGH.
FIRST THING I'M GONNA DO IS GET ME A BIG OL' CUP OF JOE'S HOT CHOCOLATE.
THEN A HOT MEAL.
AND A HOT, HOT SHOWER.
SIGH.

HEY, ELLI.
WHAT DO YOU WANT MOST?
WHEN WE GET BACK TO TRENADOR?

PEACE.
Right.
Well... I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT JUST AS SOON AS WE GET BACK.
BUT FIRST, I'M GETTING MY MY CUP OF HOT CHOCOLATE.
okay.
Heh.

FIN



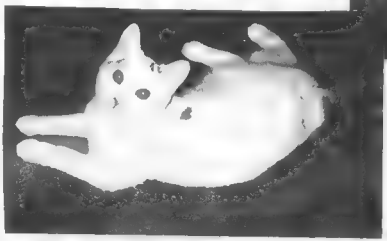
The Continuing Saga of the 1996 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN *of Oliver the Proof-reading Cat!*

Yes, Boys and Girls, just when you thought that American Politics couldn't sink any further, we here at the REPURRRBLICAN PARTY are here to tell ya, "SURE, it can!" And we even got "OLIVER, THE PROOF-READING CAT FOR PRESIDEN" buttons, to prove it! Yea!!

Aren't they cool?? Huh? Huh? In fact, if ya send us two little regular mail stamps, we'll even send ya a Oliver button all for your very own! Wheeee. "Oliver the Proof-Reading Cat for President", Box 817, Banning, CA 92220!!

THEY COME IN ALL SORTS'A PRETTY COLORS, TOO!

Of course, it hasn't been all chocolate candy since Oliver announced his candidacy. Rumor has it that the White House is really scared. Ol'Clinton thought he had things all sewed up after Colin Powell stepped out of the race, but now that Olivers here the democratic party is shaking in their collective shoes. (Yeh heh heh.) They've sent the press hounds after little Oliver hoping to find some dirt on our favorite feline. Sigh.. And I suppose it was only a matter of time before they found out about Tammy-Cat..

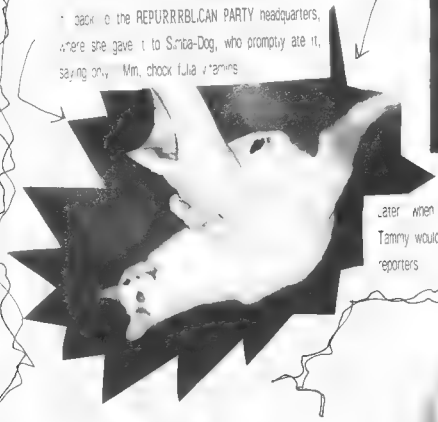


Yep, Tammy-Cat. A pretty little, one-year old girl-kitty that Oliver had taken quite a liking to. They had planned to cool off the romance until after Oliver made it to the White house, hoping to spare Ms. Tammy the press hounds, but they found her

Poor Tammy. Always dignified and graceful, found that she couldn't go anywhere without the cameras... At first she dealt with it well, even smiling for the cameras from time to time.

...But I suppose it was only a matter of time before they caught her in a pose unbecoming a future First Lady...

And that was the last straw! She snapped and in a fit of anger, attacked the photographer, viciously ripping off his shoe. Then, hissing hysterically, she ran with it back to the REPURRRBLICAN PARTY headquarters, where she gave it to Santa-Dog, who promptly ate it, saying only, "Mm, chock fulla vitamins."



Later, when the press asked her about the incident, Tammy would only say, "No Comment" and miss all the reporters.

But WAIT, it get's better!!!

--NEXT ISSUE--

The democrats decide to play hard-ball! Rumors fly as Oliver is caught with a young aspiring model in San Diego!..

(Hah, and you thought this wasn't a REAL campaign!)

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FROM THE IMAGINATION OF

DARK ONE

ISSUE 1
SHIPPING IN JULY

ANIMAL MYSTIC

NOW IN
FULL COLOR

WATER WARS

DON'T MISS
A TRICK

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Missing Children
Help Center
National Missing Children Division
National Child Safety Council
410 Ware Boulevard, Suite 400
Tampa, Florida 33619

BLAKE WADE PURSLEY

Missing/Endangered

BLAKE WADE PURSLEY

Missing:	06/26/94	**Age Now:**	16
Missing From:	RUNNING SPRINGS, CA	**Age Disap.:**	14
Birth:	08/18/79	**Race:**	White
Sex:	Male	**Eyes:**	Blue
Height:	5' 5"	**Weight:**	123 lbs.
Hair:	Straight Brown		

ID Info: NCIC #M 747675721. .BLAKE HAS MANY MANY SCARS OVER HIS BODY. ONE VOCAL CORD IS PARALYZED. ONE LEG APPROXIMATELY 4 " SHORTER THAN THE OTHER.

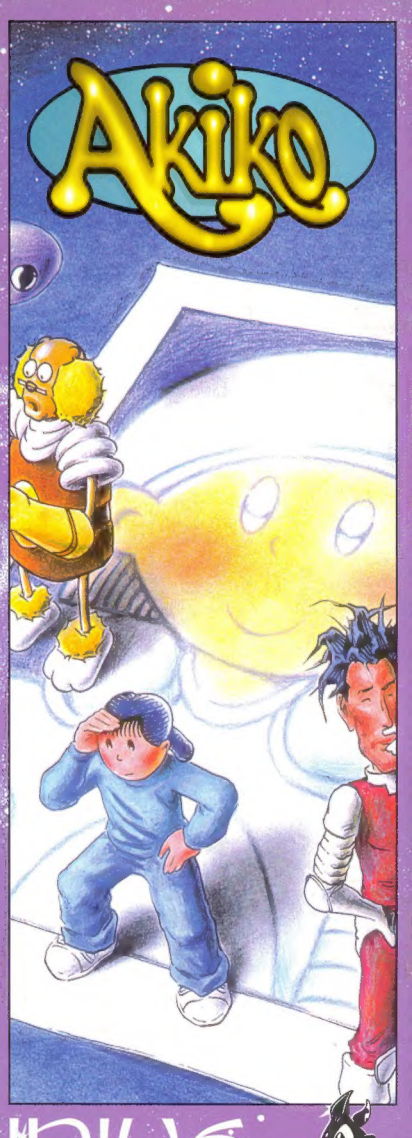
Circum: BLAKE WAS LAST SEEN HEADING TO THE BARN AT A SCHOOL HE WAS ATTENDING. HE HAS MANY MEDICAL PROBLEMS.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT:

Missing Children...HELP Center at 1-800-USA-KIDS

OR

SAN BERNARDINO CTY SD
(909) 336-0600



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